

THE NEW PLAY

Isadora Duncan's
Greek Dancing
and American Legs.

BY CHARLES DARTON.

AFTER the unholy show that the "Salome" sensationalists are making of themselves, Miss Isadora Duncan's barelegged dancing at the Criterion Theatre seems like a chaste ceremonial. In fact it would be quite the thing for a young ladies' seminary or a special matinee at a Turkish bath house. It strikes one as rather odd for an evening bill at a Broadway Theatre—that is all.

There is nothing to shock the sensibilities of the most carefully nurtured man, even if he finds himself in the back row right up against an "aug-man," even if he finds himself in the back row right up against an "aug-man," even if he finds himself in the back row right up against an "aug-man,"



(The Maiden's Dance) Air Gal.
—Isadora Duncan.

As this maiden with the honest and sturdy underpinning plays imaginary ball and knuckle-bones you play with her in spirit just to make up for the lack of pupils who helped her out in London.

And her set smile haunts you still. You begin to think it was "washed on" and will never come off—that after the performance Miss Duncan will take it home with her and put it to bed.

But wait, good friend—your opera glass has fallen asleep in your lap—wait for the martial dance in which crimson war comes forward with fixed eye and stern jaw. Where now is the smile you had learned to know even too well? Perchance it is resting the while in your "property" room. But like the sun it is bound to come out again.

Once more the dancer is young and glad and a trifle warm.

To hold a Broadway audience for an hour and a half with a series of dances long lost in the shuffle is no small task, and probably no one knows this better than Miss Duncan herself. The soles of her feet must have something to say to her on the subject.

But her knees never seem to grow weary. Just as you begin to doze Miss Duncan's knees happen along and wake up. They come galloping down stage and make you ashamed of yourself.

Miss Duncan dances with her whole being. She is the spirit of the Dance in its happy morning. Sex doesn't enter into the question at all; it is lost in poetry. Our "Salome" should fall at Miss Duncan's ample feet and confess their sins.

But even poetry on tiptoe may grow tiresome, and it must be admitted that an hour and a half of Miss Duncan, rhythm unrelieved, harmony in the flesh is a little too much of a good thing. She convinces you that she knows what she is doing, even if you don't, and yet the vulgar voice of vaudeville whispers in your ear that her "turn" is too long and life is short.

And then as you are picking up your weary bones, she refreshes you with a waltz that has nothing to do with the case of "Iphigenie en Aulide," but a great deal to do with your last impression of a very unusual and thoroughly healthy dancer.

Hints for the Home.

Receptacle for Burnt Matches.
HANG an empty cocoa box under your mailbox to put burnt matches in.

Easily Laundered Sleeves.
TO lessen materially the difficulty of ironing a shirt waist sleeve open the sleeve from shoulder to wrist after joining the under arm seam, hem the raw edges, finish the forward lap with lace and join the sleeve again with buttonholes and tiny flat pearl buttons. The result is not only practical, enabling one to iron a shirt waist in about half the time it usually takes, but extremely pretty.

Renew Color of Gowns.
WASH the dresses well, then make a dark bluing water. Have the water scalding hot and soak the dresses in it and let them stand a while in the blue water. When dried and

ironed they look every bit as pretty a blue as when new. Of course, you have to repeat the process every time the articles are washed.

Cook Meat in Bags.
WHEN making broth or soup for invalids or children I always place meat in a clean salt or part of flour sack, tied or sewed, at the ends. Place this in an old saucepan in boiler to prevent sticking. This allows rice or anything else desired cooked in soup without danger of splintered bones, which seems to me will sink into meat chopped at the butcher's, and no matter how carefully washed some will get in, especially mutton.

The Carpet Sweeper.
AFTER using and emptying out the dirt take an old comb and comb the brush, which becomes matted together, and it will take out all the threads and hair it picks up, and it will be same as when new.

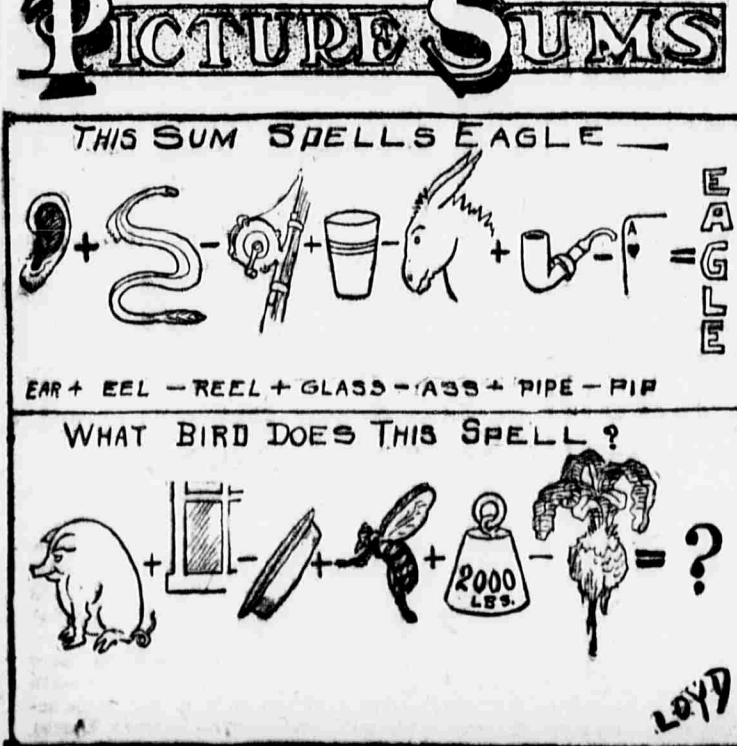
Picture Sums

THIS SUM SPELLS EAGLE

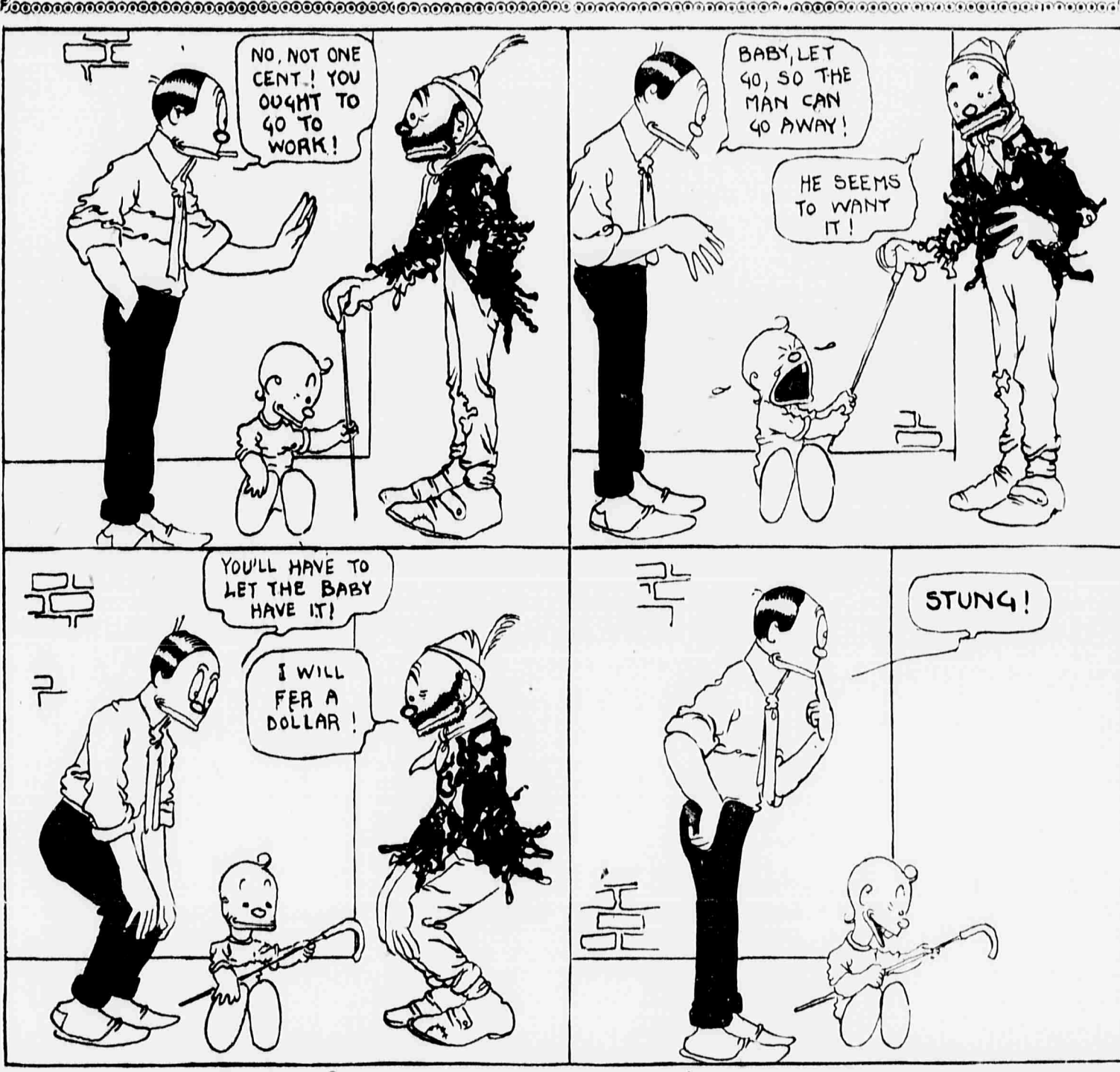
EAR + EEL - REEL + GLASS - ASS + PIPE - PIP = EAGLE

WHAT BIRD DOES THIS SPELL?

LOVE



The Newlyweds—Their Baby—By George McManus



The Madison Avenue Mystery

A New York Story
By Seward W. Hopkins
Author of "Brightstick and Nozzle."

Another car had been following the gray racer all the way down Aqueduct avenue. It was a tremendously large blue car, and was filled with young men. They had been coming at a leisurely rate, singing college songs, waving flags and having a lot of fun, when they saw the red car turn. Then before they had reached the corner they saw the gray.

Wondering, however, how such a terrific race could be permitted within the city limits, the boys in the big blue car followed the gray racer, and as Brainerd picked himself up and looked at it he saw the colors of Columbia waving from several canes.

He held up his hand. "It's Brainerd of Ours!" yelled Tommy Billings.

"What's up, old man?" asked another. "The blue car slowed down."

Without thinking any more of Hamerton, knowing that he was in the hands of Brainerd, Brainerd swung himself into the blue car.

"Catch him!" rose in a chorus, and the race was on again.

The red car had disappeared, but the cool-headed driver of the big blue had seen which way he turned.

"Ray! Ray! Ray! C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!" The college yell rose above the noise of the motor and the shouts of the crowd that had gathered. At the corner where the chauffeur of the blue car had seen the red one turn the blue swung to the south, but the other car was nowhere to be seen.

But the man, whose cool mind was on the road and his strong hand on the wheel, had driven automobiles over the roads of the northern part of Manhattan before, and he shrewdly guessed which way the fugitive would go.

He turned toward the applanched Boulevard.

As he swung south again into the tail end of the red car was just

seen as it sped around into One Hundred and Seventy-ninth street.

"There he is!" "Ray! Ray! Ray! C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!" This yell, given in the voices of young Indians, must have reached the speeding red beard. And the blue car followed him around into One Hundred and Seventy-ninth street and again to Amsterdam avenue.

And the man with the red beard knew that he had fired a shot at his own escape when he crippled the gray racer. For his theory was probably correct. It was probable that, swiftly turning corners, as the red car could do, he could gain on the machine that was built for racing on a track or on the sand at Ormond.

A Glittering Reward.
But he had not calculated on the blue car of the Columbia boys coming to the assistance of Brainerd so opportunely. This car was as speedy as his own and could turn corners just as well.

"Only one" he shouted to his chauffeur. "A hundred thousand dollars to you in cash if you escape them."

The red car lurched viciously as the driver swung it around another corner, again toward the Hudson River. But the blue car was coming like a thing of evil and the chauffeur's nerve was steady as a rock.

The sons of millionaires were in that car, and the boys who were plugging their own way to an education. To either life was precious, but the driver of the blue knew the temper of his passengers.

"Catch him! A prize! A prize!" "Five thousand dollars!" said Brainerd. "If you catch that man."

And again, resounding through the streets, beginning at one end of a block and finishing at the farther end of the next, rose the cry: "Ray! Ray! Ray! C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!" Brainerd's lips were seen to move by Tommy Billings.

"What's he saying?" he asked of Ally Loomis.

Gertrude Barnum's Talks With Girls.

"The Yellow Dog."

THE girls from Kleininger's uptown store were "out on strike." All through the sweltering summer weeks they had "shown goods" through long days and evenings till 9, 10 and 11 at night, patiently recommending petty wares, or posing in marked-down skirts, coats and cloaks for bargain-hunting patrons. Not another store in the district opened Sunday mornings. Not another but closed at least two evenings per week.

"Only yellow dogs would stand for such hours," Mollie had declared at last.

The rest agreed, and all proposals of compromise having been scornfully refused, the "salesladies" had finally been "called out" by the Uptown Ladies' Union, Local No. 14.

More than half of the strikers were under sixteen, and had the hearts throbbing in their throats from the start. For it is only fiction that working girls sell all their working hours for fun or "pin money." The loss of a job is a family tragedy; just ask their crippled fathers or widowed mothers or orphan brothers and sisters!

However, group-enthusiasm carried the faint-hearted along on waves of courage which rolled forth from the braver hearts of a few determined walking delegates; and no girl broke the ranks of rebellion. The first day of "striking" had been a sort of lark, and prophecies of Kleininger's speedy capitulation and stories of his discomfiture kept up a happy, hopeful excitement in the breasts of even the most timid.

But the prospect was less cheerful on succeeding days, when a score of female relatives and friends of the "boss" rallied to his aid, conspicuously selling goods to fat-pursed relatives and relatives-in-law to the ninth and tenth degrees of relationship. By the fourth evening the bloom was entirely rubbed off of the fruity phrases which had fed the rebellion, and many "sisters" of the revolution offered free and uncompromising criticism of the conduct of the strike and elucidated their conviction that a pay envelope in the hand is worth a thousand less substantial benefits in the bush.



Dogs! Dogs! Dogs!

"But only yellow dogs would stand for such hours," Mollie still insisted, feebly. And it was then that she suddenly got an idea which sent a rippling laugh and a thrill of assured triumph to the farthest circles of the feeble rebels.

Next day in the first edition of the morning papers appeared the following advertisement: "Wanted, a yellow dog. Deliver to J. Kleininger's store any hour from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M." And then the fun began.

Dogs, dogs, dogs! Kleininger's entrances were soon choked with arriving and departing curs. Impetuous old men pathetically prepared to part with the faithful companions of a lifetime, "for a consideration." Weeping little girls vainly protested to their stern elders against the sacrifice of family pets. Old maids, blind men, hilarious small boys accumulated rapidly with whelps, begged, borrowed or stolen, blocking the sidewalks and interrupting the traffic of the streets. The yelling, snarling, whining hounds vociferously signified their distaste for Kleininger's ever more infuriated manner. The growing crowd of on-lookers laughed and cheered. A growing public opinion backed Mollie's claim that what Kleininger really wanted was "yellow dogs."

And that is how it happened that the humiliated representatives of a certain uptown department store firm sent for the lady representatives of the Uptown Lady Clerks' Union, Local No. 14, and begged them to use their influence to induce the populace to call off the canines. And that is how it happened that Mollie was able to wave a signed contract triumphantly over the heads of her heretofore sceptical fellow-strikers. And that is how it happens that belated shoppers, still arriving at the doors of Kleininger's on Sunday mornings or Tuesday and Friday evenings, are greeted only by the satirical smiles of the wax ladies in the show windows and the simple sign, "Closed."

And from that day to this any salesladies willing to break the "hours agreement" of the Uptown Lady Clerks' Union, Local No. 14, are commonly known among their neighbors as "yellow dogs."

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

A Ten-Year Engagement.

Dear Betty: I AM rather homely, but am attractive and jolly. I have been engaged for ten years to a young man, who has gone out West. I have not heard from him in five years. Can you tell me what to do?

ANXIOUS.
As you have not heard from the young man in five years it is safe to assume that he no longer cares for you. You would better forget him and cultivate some of your other friends.

A. T.
If you really care for each other I do not think your age should make any difference.

Must Be Introduced.
Dear Betty: I AM a young fellow eighteen and I admire a girl about the same age. I never have had the opportunity of getting an introduction to this girl, and I don't know if I ever will. Do you think there is any other way I could get acquainted?

A. H. S.
The only proper way to meet the young lady is through an introduction. Have you no mutual friends who can introduce you to her? If not, can you not manage to meet some boy friend or relative and through him gain the desired introduction?

The Laconics of Lady Aurelia.
By Leita Russell.

HE signs on country boarding-houses often have a double meaning. Boarders Taken In.

Very often a pint of whiskey contains a peck of trouble.

What sufferings the suffragettes seem to undergo because the nation won't suffer them to vote!

Even tho' cremation were the universal custom, there are some people who would still try to rattle the family skeleton.

The man who can't work unless he is smoking ought to go where he could smoke without even having to light up.

The woman who is silent in a jolly crowd is not to be trusted; there is some deep feminine reason for it, you may be sure.

Some women won't believe anything they read—they go to every bargain sale just to see if the advertisements are true.

The young man by listening to his long story about the huge fish he caught, laugh heartily no matter how awful the yarn, applaud all the points and then ask for the girl. You will be sure to get her.

The man who wants to stop smoking should let his wife buy all his cigars.

LEITA RUSSELL.

Acute Baseballitis

By John Falconer.

